Broadside, Merchant Daughter of.

The Merchants Daughter of Bristow.

To the Tune of *The Maidens Ioy.*

BEhold the Touch-stone of true loue,
Maudlin the Marchants daughter of Bristow towne,
Whose firme affection nothing could moue:
This fauour beares the louelie browne.
A gallant youth was dwelling by,
Which many yeeres had borne this Lady great good will,
Shee loued him so faithfully,
But all her friends withstood it still.
The young man now perceiuing well,
He could not get nor win the fauour of her friends,
The force of sorrow to expell,
To view strange Countreys hee intends,
And now to take his last farewell,
Of his true loue, his faire and constant Maudlin,
With musicke sweete that did excell,
Hee plaies vnder her window then.
(Farewell quoth he, mine owne true loue,
Farewell my deere and chiefest treasure of my heart,
Though fortunes spight that false did proue,
I am inforc'd from thee to part:
Into the land of Italy:
There will I waste and weary out my dayes in woe,
Seeing my true Loue is kept from mee,
I hold my life a mortall foe.
Faire Bristow towne therefore adieu,
For Padua shall bee my habitation now,
Although my loue doth lodge in thee,
To whom alone my heart I vow.
With trickling teares this yoe did sing,
With sighs and sobs descending from his heart full sore,
Hee said when he his hands did wring,
Farewell sweet loue for euermore.
Faire Maudlin from a window nigh,
Beholding her true Loue with Passicke where hee stood,
But not a word shee durst reply,
Fearing her Parents angry mood.
In teares shee spent this dolefull night,
Wishing (though naked) with her faithfull friend,
She blames her friends and fortunes spight,
That wrought their loues such luckelesse end.
And in her heart shee made a vow,
Cleane to forsake her Countrey and her kinsfolkes all,
And for to follow her true Loue,
To hide all chance that might befall.
The night is gone and the day is come,
And in the morning very early shee did rise:
She gets her downe in a lower roome,
Where sundrie Sea-men shee espies.
A gallant Master amongst them all,
(The Master of a faire and goodlie ship was he,)
Who there stood waiting in the Hall,
To speake with her Father if it might be.
She kindly takes him by the hand,
Good sir (said shee) and would you speake with any heere,
Quoth he, faire Maid therefore I stand,
Then gentle sir I pray you draw neere,
Into a pleasant Parlour by,
With hand in hand shee brings the Sea-man all alone,
Sighing to him most pitteously,
She thus to him did make her moane.
Shee falls vpon her tender knee,
Good sir (shee said) now pittie you a Womans woe,
And proue a faithfull friend to me,
That I my griefe to you may shew.
Sith you repose your trust, he said,
To me that am vnknowne, and eke a stranger heere,
Be you assur'd most proper maid,
Most faithfull still I will appeare.
I haue a Brother then quoth shee,
Whom as my life I loue, and fauour tenderlie,
In Padua (alas) is he,
Full sicke God wot, and like to die.
And faine I would my Brother see,
But that my Father will not yeeld to let me goe:
Wherefore good sir be good to me,
And vnto me this fauour shew.
Some ship-boyes garment bring to mee,
That I disguis'd may goe away from hence vnknowne
And vnto Sea Ile goe with thee,
If thus much fauour may be showne.
Faire Maid (quoth he) take heere my hand,
I will fulfill each thing that you desire,
And for you sake in that same Land,
And in that place that you require.
Shee gaue him then a tender kisse,
And saith, your seruant gallant Master will I be,
And proue your faithfull friend for this,
Sweete Master then forget not me.
This done as they had both decreed,
Soone after (early) before the breake of day,
He brings her garments then with speed,
Wherein shee doth her selfe array,
And ere her Father did arise,
Shee meets her Master as he walkes in the Hall,
Shee did attend on him likewise,
Euen till yer Father did him call.
But ere the Merchant made an end,
Of all the matters to the master hee could say,
His wife came weeping in with speed,
Saying, our Daughter is gone away.
The Merchant thus amaz'd in mind,
Ponder vile wretch inticed away my child, quoth he,
But well I wot I shall him find,
At Padua in Italy.
With that bespake the Master braue,
Worshipfull Master thither goes this prettie youth,
And any thing that you would haue,
He will performe it, and write the truth.
Sweet youth (quoth hee) if it be so,
Beare me a letter to the English Marchants there,
And gold on thee I will bestow,
My Daughters welfare I doe feare,
Her Father takes her by the hand,
Faire youth (quoth she) if there thou dost my daughter see
Let me thereof soone vnderstand,
And there is twenty Crownes for thee.
Thus through the Daughters strange disguise,
The Mother knew not when shee spake vnto her Child,
And after her Master straight shee hies,
Taking her leave with countenance milde.
Thus to the Sea faire Maudlin is gone,
With her gentle Master, God send them a merry wind,
Where wee a while must let them alone,
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The second part, 91

WElcome sweete Maudlin from the Sea,
Where bitter stormes and tempests not arise,
The pleasant bankes of Italy,
Wee may behold with mortal eyes.
Thankes gentle Walter then quoth shee,
A faithfull friend in sorrow hast thou beene,
Fortune once doth smile on mee,
My thankfull heart shall wellbee seene.
Blest be the Land that feedes my Love,
Blest be the place whereas his person doth abide,
No triall will I sticke to prove,
Whereby my true Love may be tride.
Nowe will I walke with joyfull heart,
To viewe the Town whereas my darlinge doth remaine
And seeke him out in euerie part,
Untill I doe his sight attaine.
And I quoth he will not forsake,
Sweete Maudlin in her sorrow up and downe,
In wealth and woe thy part Ile take
And bringe thee safe to Padua towne.
And after many wearie steps,
In Padua they safely arriue at last,
For very joy her heart it leapes,
She thinkes not of her sorrowes past,
Condemned to dye hee was alas,
Except hee would from his Religion turne,
But rather then hee would to Passe,
In fiery flames hee vow'd to burne.
Now doth Maudlin weepe and waile,
Her joy is chang'd to weeping, sorrow greife, and care,
But nothing could her plaints prevaile,
For death alone must be his share
Shee walkes under the prison walls,
Where her true loue doth lie and languish in distresse,
Most woefully for foode he calls,
When hunger did his heart oppresse.
He sighs and sobs and makes great moane,
Farewell hee said sweete England now for euermore,
And all my friends that haue me knowne,
In Bristow towne with wealth and store.
But most of all farewell quoth hee,
My owne true Loue, sweet Maudlin, whom I left behind,
For neuer more I shall see thee,
Woe to thy Father, most vnkind.
How well were I if thou wert here,
With thy faire hands to close vp these wretched eyes,
My torments easie would appeare,
My soule with joy shall scale the skies.
When Maudlin heard her Louers moane,
Her eyes with teares, her heart with sorrow filled,
To speake with him no meanes is knowne,
Such grieuous doome on him did passe.
Then shee cast off her lads attire,
A Maidens weed vpon her back shee seemely set,
To the Judges house shee did enquire.
And there shee did a seruice get.
She did her duty there so well.
And eke so prudently she did her selfe behaue,
With her in loue her Master fell,
His seruants fauour hee doth crane.
Maudlin quoth hee, my hearts delight,
To whom my heart in affection is tied,
Breed not my death through thy despight
A faithfull friend I will be tryed.
Grant me thy loue faire maid quoth hee,
And at my hands require what thou canst devise,
And I will grant it vnto thee,
Whereby thy credit may arise.

To the same tune.

I haue a Brother, sir, she said,
For his Religion is now condemned to Die,
In loathsome prison hee is laid,
Oppress with griefe and misery.
Grant me my Brothers life, shee said,
And to you my loue and liking will I giue,
That may not be quoth hee faire maid,
Except he turne, he cannot liue.
An English Frier there is shee said,
Of Learning great, and passing pure of Life,
Let him to my brother be sent,
And he will knitt soone the strife.
Her Master hearing this request,
The Mariner in Friers weed she did array,
And to her Loue that lay distrest,
Shee did a letter straight conuey.
When hee had read these gentle lines,
His heart was rauished with sudden joy,
Where now shee was full well hee knew,
The Frier likewise was not coy,
But did declare to him at large,
The enterprise his Loue for him had taken in hand
The young man did the Frier charge,
His Loue should straight depart the Land:
Here is no place for her hee said,
But woefull death, and danger of her harmelesse life
Professing Truth, I was betraid,
And fearefull flames must end my strife:
For ere I will my Faith denay,
And sweare my selfe to follow damned Antichrist,
Ile yeeld my body for to die,
To liue in heaven with the Highest.
O sir, the gentle Frier said,
For your sweet Loue, recant and saue your selfe
A woefull match quoth hee is made,
Where Christ is lost to win a Wife.
When shee had wrought all meanes that might,
To saue her friend and that shee saw it would not be
Then of the Judge shee claimed her right,
To die the death as well as hee.
When no perswasion could prevaile,
Nor change her mind in any thing that shee had said
She was with him condemned to die.
And for them both one fire was made,
And arme in arme most joyfully,
These Louers twaine vnto the fire they did goe,
The Mariner most faithfully.
Was likewise partner of their woe.
But when the Judges vnderstood,
The faithfull friendship did in them remaine,
They saued their liues, and afterward,
To England sent them home againe.
Now was their sorrow turned to joy,
And faithfull Louers had now their hearts desire,
Their paines so well they did employ,
God granted that they did require.
And when they were to England come,
And in merry Bristow arriued at the last,
Great joy there was to all and some,
That heard the dangers they had past.
Her Gentle Master shee desired,
To be her Father, and at the Church to giue her thee,
It was fulfilled, as shee required,
Vnto the joy of all good men.